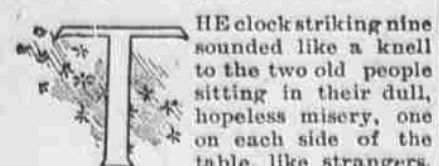


## NO CERTIFICATE.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.



The clock striking nine sounded like a knell to the two old people sitting in their dull, hopeless misery, one on each side of the table, like strangers, the first time in forty years. It was not death, this uninvited guest that had obtruded its unwelcome presence, but something worse—disgrace, and its baleful shadow obscured the light of heaven. And the night without was as drear as their hearts within.

The woman took a fat tin candlestick from the table and lighted the bit of candle it held.

"You'll be coming up soon, David?" she asked, wistfully.

"I'll rest on the settle here to-night," he said, sternly.

"David, you'll not be the one to separate us that have been joined together a lifetime? I couldn't bear that man, I really couldn't."

"Wait a bit, Rachel. Maybe to-morrow it will seem clearer, but to-night I must think, and try for wisdom to see God's hand in this."

"You'll wind the clock, David, and put Maltie outside?"

She was making a brave fight for strength, and it is on the plain and homely duties of life that we find the firmest footing. Rachel knew this, and soled her breaking heart with trifles.

"And if you have a poor turn in the night, you'll call me?" she said.

"Yes, mother."

She turned away with a sigh that rent David's heart, but waited with her hand on the stair door.

"There's a shroud in the candle to-night," she pointed to the guttering wick.

"I wish there was—I wish to heaven there was, and 'twere for me," said the



"YOU'LL BE COMING UP SOON, DAVID!"

man, bowing his head until the wisps of soft gray hair fell over his troubled face.

"Good night, David."

The pitiful note of supplication in her voice did not fall unheeded on his ear.

"Why, Rachel, I most forgot—good night, mother."

"He called me mother!" said Rachel to herself, when she had reached her room, and, setting the candle on the little stand, she sank on her knees by the bed.

"God have mercy," she prayed, "and lay not this sin at our doors!"

Then she lay down, removing only her shoes, as if to be ready for any emergency, but she did not, could not sleep. The pillow next to her was empty—for the first time.

She closed her eyes and listened to an occasional movement below—a groan—words of supplication—cries for deliverance from the awful thralldom of this grief. She could not see the tender, plaintive lines of that dear old face softening into tears or hardening into the rigid lines of duty. She slipped from the bed and felt her way down the familiar stairs.

"Husband!" she called; "are you sleeping?"

"No, mother."

Again the most beautiful word in the English language smote her ear like a blow.

"David, haven't all the blessed years that are gone meant something? Isn't our love worth more than a bit of white paper?"

"Hush, woman! Tempt me not to break the laws of God and man knowingly; it is enough to know that we have sinned through ignorance. Oh, God!" she lifted his voice in inspired supplication like the prophets of old—"If Thou canst forgive, it is not for man to blame!"

Rachel took advantage of this moment of apparent softening and kneeling by him laid her head on his shoulder.

"David, let me stay with you?"

"Go back to your room, Rachel; we must each bear this cross alone."

"May I kiss you, dear?"

"No, no, woman! Who knows that it might not be a sin? Until we can see our way clear out of this dark shadow, we must live apart as strangers."

"There is a way, David, to set it right."

"And to confess our sin to the world?"

"That is your pride, David."

"Just so, woman. My pride is a life of integrity, and it's had a sore fall. I had much to lose."

"While I have only you. God help me! I have forgot the Creator more than the creature. My punishment has come!"

He heard the crying as she went away in the darkness, but said no word to comfort or recall her. She could not know that his grief was equal to hers.

But it had that granite fiber which gives a man courage to die at the stake for his principles, and inspires a dogged resolution to suffer found often in weak natures, and sometimes called obstinacy in the minor events of life. It was the first call to martyr-

dom that David had heard, and it excluded all other voices.

But Rachel—she could never be sure that she had fallen asleep and dreamed it—thought that her husband came and bent over her, that a tear fell on her forehead, and that he patted her gray hair with a loving touch.

The next morning, seated at the anguish of the preceding day and night. Suddenly Rachel asked:

"Have you thought of the children, David, what it means to them?"

"Aye, woman, and a sore thought it has been. Whether or no to tell them of their parents' sin, beset me like a machination of the evil one. But I put it away. God gave me strength for that. And this day I will consider in what way to acquaint them with their misfortune."

Another blow for the loving heart of Rachel. Her boy, living with his little family far distant, had his mother's sensitive nature; the trouble might kill him.

The girl, Drusilla, was like her father; martyrdom would be a crown. In her stern renunciation she might never see either of them again.

As the day wore on there was much to be done. God's broken law must be patched up by one of His commissioners—the minister could help them out of their present difficulty, but for the past not all the tears of all the angels could make that whole and clean again.

These two who for forty years had believed themselves man and wife—whom no man had put asunder—were to be married again.

It all came about through a lawyer's letter disputing their title jointly held to property owned in a distant state, and requesting them to forward a copy of their marriage certificate, and prove the validity of their claim.

Once in a hundred years such a case happens, but that it should have come to these God-fearing, law-abiding, inoffensive people who were as simple and innocent as children, seemed unaccountable. David took the matter to heart as a personal sin.

Their minister was accustomed to all sorts of sinners, but that any two people, as simple and guileless as these two babes in the wood, had gone through life as law breakers puzzled him greatly.

He would have laughed, but the awful earnestness of this domestic tragedy struck him with tragic force. When he saw Rachel in her bridal finery of forty years ago, the little old man in the coat that had been laid away for his burial, both trembling with an excess of emotion, he felt impelled to save them from themselves.

"We are in a heap of trouble, sir," David began, simply, and without any circumlocution he told his story, which Rachel accentuated with her tears. They had never missed the certificate; it had not been given to them by the minister who had married them in the old home, back east, and the lawyer's letter first acquainted them with the omission.

"We can see now that it should never have happened, but we didn't really sense it till the lawyer man wrote again and told us we were not married until we could prove it by witnesses or certificate!" and David wiped his flushed face with his wedding handkerchief.

A small folded paper fell from its folds, which the minister picked up mechanically and passed to Rachel.

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## EX-EMPRESS CARLOTTA.

Her Unhappy Life Is Rapidly Drawing to a Close.

Court Gossip Has It That Her Death Will Be the Signal for a Lawsuit in Which Royalty Will Be the Contesting Parties.

On the 15th of September all Mexicans celebrated the anniversary of their national declaration of independence (enacted 1810), while in the lonely castle of Bouchoute, near Brussels, the life of one who paid for the dream of a Latin empire by the loss of a husband and of her reason was slowly ebbing away.

Ex-Empress Carlotta is dying, and even her bitterest enemies—who if the royal lunatic has not outlived the last of those who suffered by Maximilian's infamous black decree—will scarce begrudge the poor woman this final crumb of comfort; no one except the king of the Belgians.

And this statement the St. Louis Globe-Democrat explains as follows:

Leopold II. is the eldest brother of the ex-empress, and as the head of the family appointed himself administrator of the enormous fortune left by her father, the first of his name and dynasty. Leopold the elder entered the newly-created kingdom in 1831 as a penniless Coburg prince, and died thirty-four years later two hundred times a millionaire, leaving his riches to his two sons, Leopold II. and the count of Flanders, and his daughter, Princess Carlotta, who at the time had just fastened the imperial diadem of Mexico on her brow.

The empress was declared insane by the organs of the Vatican, October 4, 1883. On June 19, 1887, the Latin empire on the American continent ended with the execution of Maximilian. The marriage of this singularly unfortunate couple had not been blessed with children; there was nothing and nobody to interfere with the continuance of Leopold's administration of the 50,000,000 francs estate left to the empress, which at first he had assumed only temporarily.

These 50,000,000 francs have now been for thirty long years in Leopold's hands—that is, in the keeping of a person who, by reason of his high station, is

above the law, who therefore cannot do wrong in the sense criminal, but is nevertheless amenable to the civil courts, as was proved some little time ago when his majesty had indulged in a shabby real estate speculation "to round off one of his estates," and was forced to disgorge the land unjustly taken from a poor man for a song by way of royal expropriation. It is whispered in Brussels court circles that these legal measures were instigated by members of the Austrian imperial family, notably Archduke Carl Ludwig, who, like Emperor Francis Joseph, was a brother of the late unhappy Maximilian. It was the intention to make a test case of King Leopold's standing before the civil courts. That being established—in his majesty's disfavor—the Austrians are now but waiting for Carlotta's demise to ask for an accounting and incidentally for their share of the inheritance.

That is the reason why Leopold II. shudders at the mere thought of his sister's release from an almost unbearable existence, for—and this is another painful rumor hawked about the palace corridors—the ex-empress' 50,000,000 francs have disappeared; her fortune has no longer tangible existence.

Very Youthful Love Affair.

Just think of it! A ten-year-old wooer and a ten-year-old "wooee" in a New York police court. The babe was charged by the little miss with forcing his attentions upon her, much to her annoyance. When the small prisoner was placed at the bar only the top of his head was visible. In the severest tones the magistrate asked: "What have you to say for yourself, young man?" In a steady voice, large for his years and stature, the devoted one replied: "I wuzn't doin' nuthin' to the lady. I only asked her to have a sody with me." At this the pretty little prosecutrix smiled sarcastically and reiterated her charge. Then the cadi severely lectured the "young man" and told him to cease his wooing if he would retain his freedom. The woes of life apparently begin in the nursery nowadays.

Peach Stones Used as Fuel.

In California it has been found that peach stones burn as well as the best coal and give out more heat in proportion to weight. The stones taken out of the fruit that is tinned or dried are collected and sold at the rate of \$3 per ton.

Neckties Made of Aluminum.

Aluminum neckties are now being introduced. They are really made of the cosmopolitan metal, and frosted or otherwise ornamented in various shapes, imitating the ordinary silk or satin article.

Length of Telegraph Wires.

According to a late estimate by an electric journal the world now has 2,000,000 miles of telegraph wire in use.

Oil on Troubled Waters.

Oil is no longer to be poured on troubled water. It is to be fired like a shell from a gun. As a wave approaches a bomb filled with oil is to be precipitated in its direction. The bladder will be perforated with small holes, so that the oil will run out slowly and continue its work for a greater length of time than would otherwise be the case.

Both in a Dilemma.

She—Turn your head the other way, little boy; I want to get over.

He—I can't, I've got a stiff neck.

She—Well, turn your back around then.

He—Please, ma'am, I don't want to; I haven't got no seat in my pants.—Truth.

Likely.

Wife—Dear me, there's a bug in this milk.

Husband—It must be a water bug.—Brooklyn Life.

The Truth of It.

"Many er man," said Uncle Eben, "magine dat he's a philosopher when he's jes' plain lazy."—Washington Star.

Give Me!

Give me the man who sings at his work. Whose melody soars with the sun; Yes, give me the man who sings at his work—And give me, oh, give me a gun!—Indianapolis Journal.

His Terrible Suspense.

"I'm awfully uneasy about my wife!" "Why—what?" "I saw her go into the milliner's shop across the way just now."—Chicago Record.

Almost a Hint.

A little boy was told that he must never ask for anything at the table, as it was not good manners to do so. The consequence was that he was frequently overlooked. One day his father said: "Johnny, get me a clean plate for my lettuce."

"Take mine, pa; it's clean," and he added, with a sigh: "There hasn't been anything put on it yet."—Texas Siftings.

Playing on the Ruins.

"These firemen must be a frivolous set," said Mr. Spillkins, who was reading a paper.

"Why so?"

"I read in the paper that after a fire was under control, the firemen played all night on the ruins. Why didn't they go home and go to bed like sensible men, instead of romping about like children?"—Texas Siftings.

They Might Turn Out Poor.

Fond Parent—Bobby, dear, you have another new little brother. Aren't you pleased?

Bobby—No, pop, I can't say that I am. I'm not stuck on having a whole raft of relations.—N. Y. World.

Heard on the Street.

"I'm onto you," the mud pool cried to the trousers it had dotted.

"Ah, yes," the trousers sadly sighed, "I see you have me spotted."—L. A. W. Bulletin.

A Bit of British Gallantry.

Workman (politely, to old lady, who has accidentally got into a smoking compartment)—You don't object to my pipe, I hope, mum?

Old Lady—Yes; I do object, very strongly.

Workman—Oh, then, out you get!—Punch.

Vegetable Diet.

Jones—That's all nonsense about eating meat being injurious to health. My ancestors for hundreds of years ate meat.

## JAPANESE COPPERS.

Their Process of Detecting Criminals Is Prompt and Simple.

Mr. James R. Morse, of Yokohama, happened to be spending the night with his friend, Mr. Denison, in Tokyo, when a sneak thief entered the house and stole his pocketbook containing seventy dollars and a number of valuable papers. The matter, writes William E. Curtis in the Chicago Record, was reported to the police in the morning, with a description of the purse and its contents, and within forty-eight hours the papers were recovered and the thief had begun a term of six years' imprisonment at Ishikawa, the national penitentiary.

The process of his detection was very prompt and simple. The crime was reported at police headquarters at eight o'clock in the morning. By nine the



POLICEMEN AND A PRECINCT STATION.

theft and description of the property had been telephoned to every precinct in the city and to all the suburban towns and were known to every officer on duty. In a little village about ten miles from the center of Tokyo a man entered a tea house during the afternoon and showed a card upon which Mr. Morse's name was engraved. Tea houses in Japan correspond with saloons in the United States as resorts for loafers and the crooked classes, and the policemen watch them accordingly.

The neans, as the waiter girls are called, coquette with the policemen and often aid them in the performance of their duty. So it was perfectly natural for the policeman on that beat to tell the neans the story of the robbery and it was equally so for this nean to report to the policeman about Mr. Morse's card. The circumstance was suspicious enough to justify an arrest, and before night the thief was in the central station at Tokyo. He had the pocketbook and all the papers on his person, but had spent most of the money in a spree the night before and had been robbed of the remainder during a drunken stupor that followed.

PHOTOGRAPHIC WONDER.

A Frenchman's Apparatus for Taking Submarine Pictures.

Mr. Louis Boutan has made some interesting experiments in submarine photography. He is an ardent student of zoology, and during the investigations he made on the shores of the Mediterranean he was so impressed with the beauty of the sights offered that he concluded to make some effort to represent them by pictures as well as by words. His first experiments were made at a slight distance under the surface of the water, where the intensity of the light is still sufficient for the production of photographs; he constructed a camera and an instantaneous shutter especially adapted for use in water. Finding it desirable to take pictures at greater depths, Mr. Boutan resorted to the employment of artificial light, and employed an apparatus whose construction is shown in the cut.

The apparatus comprises a barrel, T, containing oxygen and carrying a glass globe, C, in which is placed a lamp, A, having a wick impregnated with alcohol. The operator by pressing the bulb, P, at the end of the tube, H,

may throw some magnesium powder into the flame, or otherwise produce a flash light within the globe C. The operator puts on a diving suit provided with the usual air supply pipe, S, and places his camera, M, which is water-tight, in proximity to the oxygen barrel, T, so that he can readily actuate the shutter and the flash light apparatus.

He Numbered His Footsteps.

There is a good deal of information given to the world that is quite unasked for. A curious statistician has put himself to the trouble of counting the number of steps he took in walking during the whole year. The number he finds to have been 9,700,100, or an average of 26,744 steps a day. Going still further into the details, he declares that over 600,000 of these steps were taken in going up and down stairs. The learned gentleman neglects to state, however, what benefit he and his fellow creatures will derive from this careful computation.

Oil on Troubled Waters.

Oil is no longer to be poured on troubled water. It is to be fired like a shell from a gun. As a wave approaches a bomb filled with oil is to be precipitated in its direction. The bladder will be perforated with small holes, so that the oil will run out slowly and continue its work for a greater length of time than would otherwise be the case.